

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society

SUSAN, dear: Tennis has struck town, and the fingers of the girls and men of my acquaintance are itching to close about the handles of their racquets. The sunshiny days last week found me a player to the courts at the Chevy Chase Club, the Dumbarton Club courts were full almost every day, and the courts along the Speedway are being worked, and will soon be ready for occupancy.

The Bachelors, long the scene of all the tournaments of any consequence, and one of the most popular clubs in town, has fallen into disrepute of late, owing to the war, or financial depression or some kindred cause, and the rows of courts are desolate and unkempt, but rumor has it that they are about to consolidate with one of the other clubs. Anyway, it won't be long before the country clubs will be crowded, and every vacant lot will blossom forth with its crop of girls and boys.

Anne Seymour Jones has engaged a moon for the evening of her marriage to Roland Hopkins, and is planning to have her wedding reception in the garden of her old home at Warsaw. Truly the combination of June roses and moonlight should prove irresistible; there is to be a house party for several days before the wedding, and—well, who knows but that there may be more weddings to follow.

When in doubt, wear blue, seems to be Dame Fashion's dictate this season, and truly it is being obeyed. Every other spring suit you see is blue, dark blue, but there is plenty of variety, due to the difference of cut and material, and the color is universally becoming. Alexandra Ewing is wearing a particularly attractive blue costume, a frock I think it is, although there is a simulated jacket, with a short full skirt and a smart linen blouse, embroidered in blue, showing below the jacket and forming a vest.

Margaret Howard, too, has a blue suit, with white collar, cuffs and belt, and strictly short as to the skirt. With it she wears extra high boots of white glove kid, with patent leather tips and heels striped in patent leather. Her hat, or one of her hats, is a natural colored straw, with a flat crown, faced with blue and encircled in dark blue flowers.

And speaking of clothes—Francine Williams wore the dearest frock at the ball for the Children's Hospital Friday night. It was a ravishing shade of lavender, of satin, quilted about the bottom of the skirt, and made with an overdress of lavender tissue embroidered in white in a rose design. The bodice was caught at the shoulders with bunches of purple pansies, which matched Francine's pansy eyes.

The officers at Fort Myer will inaugurate this week a series of informal hops to take place every Friday evening during the summer at the officers' club. A number of the officers will leave on the twenty-seventh for a six weeks hike, much to their disgust, for they don't find these trips very alluring.

The evening of April 27 has been selected as the date of Mrs. Hemmick's presentation of her Persian play, "The Opium Pipe." The Belasco Theater will be the scene, and preparations are going on right merrily. Unfortunately the delay in securing a theater has made it impossible for Judge and Mrs. Sidney Ballou to take part, and Mrs. Ballou, particularly, will be greatly missed, as she had made the ancient Persian dances in which she was to appear one of the most distinctive features of the entertainment.

However, when the call came for Judge and Mrs. Ballou to return to their home in Honolulu to assist in receiving and entertaining the Congressional party which is to visit the Hawaiian Islands, it was a call not to be resisted. They left Washington yesterday for San Francisco, and will spend a week or so at the exposition, and then will set sail for a visit of several months in the islands.

Mrs. Hemmick is always brimful of ideas, and has persuaded Mrs. Ballou, upon her return, to collaborate in writing an Hawaiian play. Moreover, she has enlisted Mrs. George Barnett's help, with a view to building a play about the Tibetan Dalai Lama, the scene to be laid in India and China. The play has progressed so far as selecting the name. The play is to be called "The Robe of the Buddha," the idea being that both this and the Hawaiian production shall be read before the drama and players' group of the Drama League, which Mrs. Hemmick started this winter.

Elizabeth Harding and Milton Bryan are to do a fascinating Oriental dance in "The Opium Pipe." The costumes, of course, being Persian and very gorgeous. Mrs. Barnett, too, has an especially wonderful costume, a Pointe design, and heavily incrustured with jewels and embroideries.

The youngsters have come in for more than their share of parties since Easter. There was the Rockenridge party, or rather that took place at Easter eve, March 31st, at the home of the Rockenridges, and at that Mrs. Arthur Lee gave a lovely dance on Wednesday for her children. A musical party it was, with all the children in colonial costumes, and truly it was a fetching scene.

Mrs. George Ruggles, I hear, is thinking of staying on in the Philippines, after Anna comes home next winter, to keep house for her son, Lieut. Francis Ruggles. Fortunately, she did not undergo an attack of appendicitis, as was rumored here, it being her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Collier Ruggles, who was ill. She is, however, recovered by this time.

Paymaster Alvin Hovey-King passed several days in town this week, having run up from Norfolk, where his ship, the U. S. S. Virginia, is at present. This was his first visit to Washington, where he used to live, for many years, and it was most amusing, at the Army and Navy Club the other evening, to note the way he greeted all the old friends who came up to speak to him and tried to impress them with the fact that he remembered all about them. And the less he remembered the more impressive he was. His wife and daughter are in Boston.

Capt. Joe Earle, who has been at the Walter Reed Hospital for several weeks, has joined his troop at Belvoir, his health being much improved.



MISS GEORGIA APPLETON.

Georgia Appleton, who has been spending the Easter holidays in town with her mother, Mrs. Sidney Appleton, has gone back to New York, where she is studying art.

She had a number of parties given for her during her stay in Washington, and, if possible, she is looking prettier than ever.

Mrs. J. S. Bayard Schindel wears upon the third finger of her left hand a ring, which looks as if it had a history, and does not belie its looks. A great green sapphire, set on a pivot in a plain circle of dull gold, the stone was for many years the property of Whistler, who wore it as a fob. It bears queer Oriental inscription, and attached to it is a queer Oriental superstition that the owner must never part with it. Mr. Whistler believed implicitly in the power of the stone, and could never be persuaded to take it off, until, finally, he gave it to Mrs. Schindel, the daughter of his cousin, of whom he was very fond. Four months later he died, and Mrs. Schindel confesses that she has inherited the feeling with the ring, and scarcely does take it from her finger.

Mrs. Schindel is a bit of an artist herself, a great lover of art, and, moreover, has a number of her famous cousin's pictures in her home in Eighteenth street. She is the best company in the world, and dances divinely, a combination that makes her one of the most popular women of the army contingent in town.

A crowd of children, under the care of Mrs. Wooten, wife of the commandant at the Washington Barracks, went to Belvoir, Va., last Thursday to visit the troops in camp, not even the fact that Thursday is receiving day at the barracks being allowed to interfere with the kiddiest trip down the river. And, indeed, I believe Mrs. Wooten enjoyed it as much as they did.

Genevieve Clark is making a long stay at Pass Christian, seeking, I am told, alleviation for the throat trouble from which she has been suffering. Unfortunately, Fate has been perverse, and although Pass Christian is but a short distance from New Orleans, the home of her fiancé, Mr. Thomson, she has seen little of him, as most of his time of late has been spent at an important Western meeting of a publishers' association, of which he is secretary. Genevieve has been leading a pleasant, but very quiet life in the South, her wildest dissipation having been the trip she and her mother made to Havana when Governor Brewer entertained a party aboard his yacht.

Toward the end of April the Clarks plan to come to Washington for a short stay, to do a little shopping and close things up before going to "Honey-shuck," where the wedding will take place some time in June. It will probably be a quiet affair, as Genevieve is still not very robust, but will doubtless have all the charm incident to a country wedding in the merry month of June.

Verily, who calls Philadelphia slow is in error. The progressive Quaker City is already announcing the dates for its debutantes of next season, Mrs. Mat-

thew Baird having selected December 11 as the date for the tea she plans to give at the Acorn Club to present her granddaughter, Etienne Baird, daughter of Mrs. William J. Baird, while Mr. and Mrs. James Watts Mercer will introduce their daughter, Denise, as early as October 30.

Right now the most feted person in Philadelphia is Hope Truxton Beale, whose engagement to Oliver Eaton Cromwell was recently announced. Mr. and Mrs. J. Kearsley Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. William Ellis Seull, of Overbrook, are among those who will give dinners in her honor.

Susan, do you remember "Sap" Humphrey, or Capt. Evan Harris Humphrey, to give him his proper name and title, who was a great beau in Washington a few seasons ago? He married Clara Swift, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Eben Swift, and from Fort McKinley, P. I., where he is stationed with a detachment of Philippine Scouts, comes the news of the birth of a bouncing son a month or two ago. The youngster, who is to be named Evan Harris Humphrey, Jr., after his father, is a grandson of Gen. Charles F. Humphrey, retired, and Mrs. Humphrey.

Colonel Swift was himself stationed in the Philippines until a few months ago, when he was transferred to San Francisco. And there he has been joined recently by Mrs. Swift, who remained in the islands some time on a visit to her son-in-law and daughter.

Among the youngsters invited to the Brackenridge children's fancy party was little Charles Summerall, son of Major and Mrs. Charles T. Summerall, who were stationed at Fort Myer for four years, but who are now living in town, the major being on duty in the division of militia affairs. Charles, somehow, seemed rather depressed at the idea of "dressing up," and all his mother's suggestions for possible costumes met with scant approval until she asked how he would like to be a tumbler. "Oh, yes, let me go as a tumbler, dog," he squealed gleefully. "And Sam Stokes can go as a bull dog." And he was with difficulty consoled when he found that the idea was not considered practicable.

A very interesting visit came to town yesterday in the person of Mrs. Daniel McMenon, of New York, formerly Miss Crosby, who is the guest of Mrs. John Russell. She is not only a beauty, but has a splendid voice, and, though the real purpose of her ten-day stay in Washington is to rest a little after the strenuous social activities of the winter, already a number of entertainments have been planned in her honor. Capt. and Mrs. Theodore Baldwin will start the ball rolling by giving a supper party for her tonight.

Mrs. De Menon's hostess is likewise a woman of unusual charm and distinction. She has traveled all over the world, has lived abroad for many years of her married life, and the tales she has to tell of her long residence in China, of the interesting friends she made, and the thrilling things she did, have enlivened many a dinner party. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Russell's mere presence at a dinner party insures its success. She was a Washington girl, Mabel H. Howard, before her

marriage to good-looking Major Russell, of the Marine Corps, now on sea duty at Vera Cruz, who played a prominent and enviable part in the occupation of that city last spring. Mrs. Russell's sister, Olivia Howard, married the major's brother, Christopher A. Russell, and lives at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Russell has one daughter, Roberta, who promises to be a handsome young woman and has already, though scarcely in her teens, a fund of conversation upon almost any subject of intelligent conversation, too. She has traveled a great deal with her people and shows the results. Mrs. Russell and her daughter are planning to spend the summer near Baltimore, whence they can make frequent flying trips to Washington.

The Walter Tuckermans, who are leading a very quiet life these days at their place at Edgewood, near Bethesda, bestowed themselves to great activity in helping to rebuild the little church at the corner of Bradley lane and the Rockville road, which was destroyed by fire a few months ago. So ably, indeed, did they and the rest of his parishioners come to the aid of the pastor of the church, the Rev. James Kirkpatrick, that the new building, a pretty little, gray stone structure, already finished and occupied, and what's more, is nearly paid for. Mr. Kirkpatrick has done a great deal for the growth of the church, and sundry passers-by, afoot or in automobiles, who often drop in for the service on a Sunday morning, to say nothing of the regular congregation, are always sure of hearing an interesting sermon.

Mr. Kirkpatrick is an Irishman, I believe, and has a brother living in Elster. His wife, who was the daughter of Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, is an up-to-date and energetic person, the very woman for a minister's wife. Their daughter Alice, who will be a debutante in a year or two, is a student at the Cathedral School for Girls, and her particular charm is Elizabeth Yung Kwai, daughter of the Consul of the Chinese Legation and Mrs. Yung Kwai, who live in the old Nolan house at Bethesda. Although the little girl's mother is an American, she, like all of the children, has a distinctly Oriental look.

Which would you rather have, beauty or brains? The proportion seems to be 5,000 to 30 in favor of beauty, for the same New York paper contained recently the announcement that \$500 had been awarded to a handsome young man, who took the prize at the photograph show now being held in New York, while \$50 was the prize won by a student of Harvard College, who took particular honors in economics. Dr. Scott Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania, gave an explanation that had something to do with the law of supply and demand, and I think he is right—the answer being that beauty is in greater demand than brains.

Fred Chapin, who has been suffering from concussion of the brain as the result of a fall from his horse when riding in Rock Creek Park a short time ago, is now on the road to recovery, much to the relief of his family and friends. He has really been dangerously ill, more ill than most people realized,

and his father and mother gave up all their engagements and stayed close to his side. He was better, though, when the time came along for the dance Mr. and Mrs. Chapin gave for their fifteen-year-old daughter, Marcie, and the party went off with much eclat, and was a huge success.

Where to make her permanent home is the question which is right now perplexing Mrs. John Allen Dougherty, who is the guest for awhile of Capt. and Mrs. Charles S. Wallace. Mrs. Dougherty has lived in Tokyo since the death some years ago of her husband, who was at the time naval attaché to the American legation in Japan. She was a New York girl before her marriage, but has traveled so extensively that the scope of her acquaintance extends all over the world. She returned to this country in December. At the expiration of her visit to Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Dougherty will go to the Willard for the spring, and the two friends are planning a trip to New York together, and a visit to Governor's Island in the near future.

Tommy Kinkaid, now a tall and dignified junior lieutenant in Uncle Sam's navy, is in town after an absence of a number of years, busily engaged in renewing old acquaintances and presenting his friends to his good-looking wife, also tall and dark-haired, who was a Philadelphia belle before her marriage about four years ago. Tommy will be at the Navy Yard, on special duty, for about four months, and declares that both he and his wife are delighted at the prospect of passing the summer days in Washington.

Tommy tells me that his sister, Dorothy Kinkaid, who has been with her father, Capt. Thomas W. Kinkaid, at Annapolis, left this week to join her husband, Lieut. Husband E. Kinkaid, at San Diego, Cal., where he is staff fleet gunnery officer. Dorothy is making the trip across the continent with two babies and without the sign of a nurse, as at the last moment her nurse went back on her. Captain Kinkaid offered to come to her assistance and accompany her part way on her journey, but she felt that under the circumstance even the fondest of grandfathers could not take the place of a nurse.

What are they doing to Dupont circle? This is the question that is agitating most of the northwest section of the city, where Dupont circle is a veritable institution. And now they are peeling a broad strip all about the park, parallel with the sidewalk, and some fifteen or twenty feet from the edge. Bets are being laid—and there are always takers—as to whether it is to be a flower bed, a shrubbery, or an asphalt walk, and I have even heard suggestions that the place is to be given over to horserack riding and a sort of Rotten Row established. Personally I incline to the flower bed hypothesis, because a walk that begins and ends nowhere and runs round in a circle would seem to be supremely useless and a Rotten Row, though decidedly interesting, is not exactly practicable on so small a scale.

Mrs. Louise Key Norton has returned from her visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Eldred Tucker, in Seattle, Wash., making the long trip alone in spite of her four score years and more. She looks ten years younger since the remarkable recovery of her grandson, and Mrs. Tucker's son, Hasty Hawdon, who was so badly injured in an airplane accident something over a year ago. After lying unconscious and at death's door for months at his

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Morceau, "The Last Hope".....Gottschalk

(Request.)
Selection, "Chin Chin".....Carroll
Tango, "Dark Eyes".....Moret
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and the German).....

(a) Au Moulin (French).
(b) The Mill in the Forest (German).

Waltz suite, "On the Beautiful Hudson"
.....Hermann
Finale, "Carillon".....Laurendeau
"The Star-Spangled Banner."

grandmother's home—he had lived with her for some time—and after all the doctors had confessed themselves baffled, he suddenly commenced to mend, and, as soon as he was able to travel his mother and stepfather began a country place near Seattle, where he could be out of doors most of the time, and took him home with them. Now, he has almost recovered and seems scarcely worse for his experience.

Mrs. Norton is occupying an apartment in the Farragut until the 1st of June, when she will return to her handsome old home, Rosedale, which Mrs. Hunt Slater has been occupying during the winter months. Mrs. Norton likes to be in Cleveland Park in the summer, and Mrs. Slater, who always spends her summers at Bar Harbor, enjoys living there in winter, while her niece and ward, Elsie Dietrich, is a student at the Cathedral School, so they alternate in a very charming and satisfactory manner. Mrs. Slater takes a great interest in the historic gardens and shrubbery of Rosedale, and has made many improvements since her occupancy.

"Jimmie," the delightful, the life of every party, the joy of every hostess, may leave us soon. Isn't that a fearful possibility? Yes, Commander Gilmer's shore duty has about expired, and he is to go to sea for three years as soon as he is relieved at his desk here.

The Washington Sketch Club is having its annual exhibition at Neipold's gallery, and you would be surprised and keenly delighted to see the really charming bits that are on view. The

club, which has been in existence some five or six years, was organized by Bertha Perry, and its membership is principally composed of young folk, boys and girls, who are doing really excellent work. A great many sales have been made, and there are ever so many sketches that I would give a great deal to possess, sketches showing originality and dash, and executed with no little skill. An artist friend who visited the gallery with me was very much taken with some of Barbara Kauffmann's work, and says that she has the knack for catching the character of a subject, which distinguishes the artist from the mere dabbler in paint. Another exhibitor whose work attracted much favorable attention was May Malone, a youngster of eighteen or thereabouts, who is already a teacher of drawing in the public schools and whose sketches show marked individuality.

Much of the success of the dance which followed the concert given by the Princeton musical clubs at the New Willard last week was due to the efforts of the Baker boys, Marion, Jr., Lawrence, and Mack, and a few other Princeton graduates, who constituted themselves an unofficial reception committee and introduced the boys right and left. Although always joyous events in anticipation, the dances given in Washington for visiting college boys and dramatic clubs have often proved frosts in reality, ghastly parties with rows of anxious looking girls standing on one side of the room and rows of anxious boys on the other, and all for lack of some one to say a few important words of introduction. But this dance was a notable exception. Everybody met everybody, else early in the evening, and everybody had a good time.

Now, my dear, I've told you all I can think of, and will write you a whole lot more next week. Regards to Imogene. Yours as ever,
JEAN ELIOT.

Roosevelt's Relative Would Divorce Husband

BOSTON, April 11.—The divorce filed by Mrs. Alice Lee (West) Moving of Mills, society leader, and relative of Colonel Roosevelt by his first marriage, is listed for the present divorce session at Dedham.

Mrs. Moving seeks divorce from Halahan L. Moving, State street landscape architect and Harvard graduate, on the ground of cruel and abusive treatment. She asks for the custody of their three children, two boys and one girl.

Mr. Moving is contesting the suit. Society circles are awaiting with interest whatever details the story told by Mrs. Moving will reveal, and also Mr. Moving's version of their domestic difficulties.



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